THE

Stage-Coach.

A

FARCE.

As it was ACTED at the

Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

By Her MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. George Farquhar.

DUBLIN:

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A

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mitcher. The Old Uncle.
Iſabella. His Niece.
Squire Somebody.
Baſil. A Captain, in Love with *Iſabella.*
Fetch. His Man.
Tom Folt. The Stage-Coach-man.
Dolly. The Maid.
Macahone. An Iriſh-man.
Landlord.
Servants.
Several Guests in the *Inn.*
Hoſtler.

The time of *Action*, the ſame with the time of *Repreſentation.*

THE

THE Stage-Coach.

ACT I. *Scene an Inn.*

Enter Fetch *with a* Cloak-bag *and* Piſtols.

Fetch. HEre! Houſe! Where are you all! —— Now we've Supp'd I'll ſee if my Maſter's Bed be ready. —— *Tom, John, Robin,* Where a Plague are ye? All Deaf? —— No Attendance in theſe Country-Inns; —— This is worſe than the *Roſe-Tavern* after Change, or the *Devil-Tavern* after Church.

Enter Dolly.

Doll. D'ye call Sir?

Fetch. Call Sir? What a plague, —— Egad 'tis a pretty Girl —— Heark you Child, Do you ſerve Travellers upon the Road here?

Doll. Yes Sir.

Fetch. Kiſs me then.

Doll. That's the Chambermaid's Buſineſs; D'you want any thing elſe? —— I'm in haſte:

Fetch. What Room dos my Maſter lie in?

Doll. The *Caſtle.*

Fetch. And what Room do I lie in?

Doll. The *Garret.*

Fetch. Very well! And what Room do you lie in?

Doll. Under ye.

Fetch. Say no more; —— I'll but take a Dram to digeſt my Supper; —— Lay theſe things in my Maſter Chamber, then I'll talk with you in yours.

Doll. Are your Piſtols Charg'd? (*Takes the Things.*)

Fetch. Yes, yes, we always go Charg'd Child; A Brace of Bullets I'll aſſure you. *Exit* Doll.

Enter Captain Baſil.

Capt. What a tedious, tireſome, dull, jolting, Vehicle is a *Stage-Coach*! We that are in it, are more Fatigu'd than the Beaſts that Draw it. —— This unluky Hurt, *Fetch*, that I've got lately, has hindr'd my Riding Poſt, and thrown me

me into this confounded Company. —— A Big-belly'd Farmers Daughter, an Iriſh-Wit, a Canting Quaker, a City Whore, and a Country Parſon.

Fetch. And a Disbanded Captain, Sir, for want of a Strowling Lawyer, or a Nurſe and a Child, to make up a clever Stage-Coach-Sett.

Capt. Aye, the Swell'd Country Puſs plagu'd me with her Screaming and Wry Faces, The profound Teague with his Nonſence, The Quaker with the Spirit, The Whore with Fleſh, And the Fat Parſon with both.

Fetch. Truly Sir, I pity'd you; for I don't think there was in the whole Company a Man of Parts, but You and I.

Capt. But muſt I be Tormented Two Days more with this Coach, before I get to *London*?

Fetch. Too true, Sir.

Capt. How can you tell?

Fetch. No body better Sir. My Father in *London* has an Employment about the Coaches.

Capt. What's his Employment?

Fetch. Sir, He's a very worthy Citizen, that attends at *Bloſſoms-Inn*, in Quality of a Ticket-Porter.

Capt. I muſt get to *London* ſooner, or I ruin my Affairs. —— Let me talk with the Coach-man; if it be poſſible I'll make him Stretch for me: Call him hither. (*Exit* Fetch.

Pſhaw, here's that Iriſh Booby.

Enter Macahone, *Staring about him.*

Mac. Be me Shoul, 'tis a braw Houſe, ſure the Shentelman of the Tavern muſt be ſome Perſon of Quality, —— Oh! My dear Maiſhter Captain, I am your moſt loving and muſh honoured Friend.

Capt. Our Acquaintance, Sir, is a little too ſhort for ſo much Familiarity.

Mac. Our Acquaintance too ſhort Dear Joy, it iſh Threeſcore Miles long; And by Shaint *Patrick*, I would be very Joiful for being your eſpecial Friend, becauſe I am afraid we ſhall never meet again.

Capt. May I crave your Name, Sir?

Mac. My Name iſh *Torlough Rauwer Macahone*, of the Pariſh of *Curough a Begely*, in the County of *Tiperary*, Eſhquire; Where is my Manſion Houſe, for me and my Predeceſſors after me.

Capt. Very well. And pray, Sir, what Affairs carry you to *London*.

Mac. No Affairs my Dear Joy; For I have Tranſacted my Buſineſs in *London*, before I came there.

Capt. That's ſomewhat an odd way of doing Buſineſs.

Mac. Be me Shoul Sir, it is the quickeſt way, tho' I was going to *London* to macke my Fortune.

Capt. How, Sir?

Mac. Why by the Law, Friend, or Phyſick, or a Merchants Wife, or Back-Gammon, or any of theſe honourable Profeſſions; 'tis all the ſame to *Macahone*, Fait: But I have made my Fortune already, be me Gothips Hand.

Capt. How, pray Sir?

Mac. Becauſe, my Dear Joy, you are my Intimate Friend, and a Stranger I will Communicate that Secret into your Stomack: The fine Lady in the Coach, Madam *Strowler*, is a Rich Merchants Wife in *Vinegar-Yard*, by *Drury-Lane* in *London*, and ſhe is fallen in down-right Affections with me, and Treats me with mighty Civility, permitting me to Pay the Reckoning for her in every place.

Capt. (*Aſide*) Honeſt *Jenny* the Player has ſnapt this Booby, and e'en let her make a Hand of him.

(*To him*) Are you ſure ſhe's Rich?

Mac. Be me Shoul, She ſhou'd me a Diamond as Big as a Potatoe; and I'faith it look'd almoſt as Clear as Glaſs; and ſhe keeps her Flying Chariot too, ſhe told me ſo her ſelf: And be me Shoul I am ſo Cunning, that if anoder had told me ſo, I had not believ'd him.

Capt. Your'e plaguy Cunning indeed, Sir.

Mac. O Ara Dear Joy, wee are all ſo; Upon me Shoul, let an Iriſh-man alone for mauking his Fortune: He is as Cunning as no Man alive.—— But me Dear Joy, I wiſh I was after going to Bed to digeſt my Supper; —Here are Two Beds in your Chamber, and pray, my dear Friend, tell me, do you intend to lie in 'em both?

Capt. 'Tis probable, Sir, I ſhall uſe but one.

Mac. Then Sir, with your leave and permiſſion, I ſhall uſe the to'ther: —— But pray let me not Incommode your Perſon, if you intend to lie in both the Beds.

Capt. Not at all Sir, —— Booby. (*Aſide.*)

Mac. Sir, I am your moſt obliging Servant.

Capt. Coxcomb. (*Aſide.*)

Mac. I render you many tanks. (*Exit* Macahone.

Enter Coachman *and* Fetch.

Capt. Honeſt *Jolt*, How is't? What ſhall I give thee to Drink?

Jolt. Thank you Maſter. What you pleaſe; here's rare *Nants* in the Houſe. A Cogue or ſo, wou'd do no harm.

Capt. Here *Fetch*; bring us Half a Pint. (*Exit* Fetch.

Well *Jolt*, Canſt do a Man a Kindneſs upon Occaſion?

Jolt. A Kindneſs! Ay Maſter an that be all —— We Coach-men are all mighty Civil Fellows, you know.

Capt. Are your Horſes good?

Jolt. Good ſpecial Cattle, Maſter: A *London* Doctor wou'd have ſet up his Coach with them, if we had truſted to the fall of the Leaf: —— And but t'other Day here, One of your Stock-Jobbers Hir'd 'em for an Election; —E' Cod they had almoſt got him the place.

Enter Fetch *with Brandy.*

Capt. Here *Jolt*, pull it off. (*Gives* Jolt *the Brandy.*)

Jolt. Your Health Maſter. (*Drinks.*) Rare Stuff, after my Twelve Eggs and Pound of Bacon.

Capt.

Capt. Well *Jolt*, can I be at *London* by to Morrow Night?

Jolt. To Morrow Night, —— Ay, Master, (*Shrinks.*) If you can Flye.

Capt. See here, *Jolt.* (*Pulls out a Purse*) —— My Business is so pressing, a good share of this Purse is thine, if thou wilt hasten our Journey.

Jolt. If that be all, (*Drinks all*) —— 'Tis done. —— We are to be in *London* the Day after to Morrow by Ten a Clock at Night, —— Now, Master, to oblige you, I'll be there be Nine.

Capt. Is the Fellow Mad? —— I tell thee I must be there to Morrow.

Jolt. Aye, so you may, if you can; 'Tis a long way, Master, —— The Roads are deep, and I wont spoil my Horses, they're dearer to me, poor Beasts, than my Wife and Children.

Fetch. Silly Fool! Thou hast no more Sense than these Horses! Why there's enough in that Purse to Bribe thy very Master, the Duke of *Mantua*, and Two or Three German Princes.

Jolt. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. *Peeps in the Empty Purse and throws it down.*
What do you Prate for; These Beau Foot-Men
Are as Cock a hoop of late, as if they had places
at Court. —— I'm an honest Men; —— Bribes won't pass i'the Country now, —— Besides I must not baulk my Stages. —— (*Aside*) The Inn-keepers have Brib'd me already. (*Exit* Jolt.

Capt. Well, tho' it kills me, I must ride Post.

Fetch. But pray Sir, what makes you in so much haste?

Capt. Why this Letter from my Mistress. (*Reads*)

You've heard, I've lost my dear Mother; My Uncle (to whose Care I am left,) *not considering your Pretensions, is resolv'd to Marry me to another; But what's worse, the Old Gentleman has got my Writings, and I must seem to comply with his desires: if you would prevent my being made a most Unfortunate Creature, flie to my Relief, my Dear* Basil, *with all the speed which your Love and my Distress require.*

ISABEL

I'm afraid I shall come too late. Run to the Post-House, get us Horses; and we'll mount this Moment. —— But whom have we are?

Fetch. Some of the Company that came in the *London* Coach; that Supp'd on t'other side o'th House.

Enter Squire Somebody, *bringing a Band-box with other Luggage, a Mask and a Fann.*

Squ. Come Mrs. *Isbel*, I've got your things. Bless us, what a parcel of Luggage these Women carry about 'em; and the poor Lover here, must be subject to the Slavery of Band-boxes. —— Mrs. *Isbel*, why don't you come away; —— I'm as tir'd as a Scotch Peddlar under his Pack.

Enter

Enter Isabella. *She Starts seeing the Captain.*

Isab. Ha!

Squi. Ha! Whats the matter my dear Wife that is to be?

Isab. I miss my Watch; I fear I've lost it in the Room where we Supp'd, pray go and see.

Squ. Aye by all means, —— Here, look to your things, there are Strangers about, (*Exit Squire, having laid down the things.*

Capt. Ha! What do I see? Look, *Fetch*, Is not that *Isabella*?

Isab. My Dear *Basil*! (*Meet and Embrace.*)

Capt. My *Isabella*, what Miracle has brought you hither?

Isab. You receiv'd my Letter?

Capt. There it is; and it has brought me so far in my Journey to you.

Isab. My Uncle, who knows you only by Name; dreading your return to *London*, has thought fit to hurry me down to the Country-house of that Block-head, that I sent just now on a Fools Errand, under pretence of losing my Watch; My Uncle is at the Bar, Haggling with the Land-lady, and is to come up presently into the Room where we lie. Now if you can find a way to rescue me from the Old Knave and the Young Fool, —— But here he comes, —— He's the Son of Sir *Aminadab Somebody* in *Lancashire*.

Enter Squire Somebody.

Squ. Gone, Gone, No Watch to be found; O Lord, Gentlewoman, See what your Uncle will say to you, lose your things so aforehand. —— I won't lend you mine.

Isab. You need not Sir, —— For the Watch is found again, I had only put it in the wrong Pocket. (*Aside.*) (*And that's Thirty Pound in mine.*)

Capt. Sure I should know that Voice and Face too. —— Sir, are not you Related to the Family of the *Somebodies*?

Squ. Yes, Sir: My Father is Sir *Aminadab Somebody*, Baronet: And I am his Eldest Son by the First Venter, *Nicodemus Somebody*, Esquire;

Capt. Sir, I am proud to embrace the Son of my old Friend, Sir *Aminadab*. —— Pray Sir, what Lady is that with you?

Squ. 'Tis only my Mistress, at your Service, —— We want put a Parson, A Wedding Dinner, A Pair of Clean Sheets, and a Sack Posset, to send us the way of all Flesh.

Capt. Then Sir, upon your Account, I'll presume to pay my Respects to the Lady. (*Salutes* Isabella.)

Squ. Sir, You're a very respectful Person; —— Well, how d'you like her? Won't she make a rare Tit, for Young *Somebody*? She's a little in the Dumps at present, but we shall Dump her out of that.

Capt. What, out of Humour, and so near her Marriage?

Squ. Aye, There was a certain Captain that lov'd her, and she lov'd that certain Captain. Now I can't tell how the Devil this Fellow had Whimbled himself into the Mother's Favour, and had got her Consent. But as good luck would have it, the Old Women was pleased to go, where all Old Wo-

men

men shou'd go. And so Mr. *Micher* being a very honest Man, and mighty fit for a Guardian, but having a deadly Aversion to a Red-Coat; —— Struck up a Bargin with the Father for me, and we're going down to our House, to take Possession of the Premises: —— So this Scoundrel of an Officer is like to be Disbanded; and she forsooth, is vexed, because she can't Serve under him. —— Ha, ha, ha, (*Laughs.*) Poor Dog, he's Broke of all sides.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, Silly Fellow! —— He'll Hang himself, that's certain; What should Soldiers do else in time of Peace?

Squ. Aye, my dear Friend, I should be glad if they were all Hang'd, —But for the sake of the French; —— Perhaps you may know the same Captain, —'Tis one *Basil*, a poor Insignificant Ring-leader of Fifty Rogues. Ha, ha, ha.

Capt. Basil! I know him: Bloody Rogues he led indeed.

Squ. And he the saddest Rogue of 'em all! Ha, ha, ha. (*Laughs.*)

Capt. Ha, ha, ha. (*Laughs.*)

Isab. If you thought this Captain over-heard you, you durst not talk at that rate.

Squ. Durst, say you? Odsookers, I fear neither Man, Woman, nor Child; —— And I wou'd tell him so to his Face. —— When my Friend stands by me here. (*Shaking the Captain by the Hand.*)

Capt. Softly, Madam. My Friend *Nicodemus Somebody*, is a Person whom you ought to regard; —— In time you'll have no cause to complain.

Squ. Ah, dear Sir, You do me more Honour than I deserve. But don't you think now, that I am much more for her turn, than this same Raggamuffin?

Capt. There's no Comparison, Sir; and I think no body can tell better than I. So I can assure the Lady, this is like to be the last trouble you shall give her.

Squ. Well said faith. E'cod I've got a good Friend here, and did not think on't.

Isab. Aye, But if *Basil* were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your Friend both.

Capt. Why, What wou'd you do, if *Basil* were here?

Isab. I wou'd run away with him to the next Parson, and leave *Nicodemus* here in the Lurch.

Squ. Nicodemus thanks you with all his Heart. —— Did not I tell you now, how she was bewitch'd by this Captain? The Devil's in these Captains, I believe. —— Cod, I've mind to be a Captain too. —— Udsookers, now think on't, my dear Friend, I am Captain already of the Militia. (*And that's a kind of a Captain.*) And do you think that we that pay them, are not better than they?

Isab. Well, But we cou'd do it, Sir, and you never the wiser; For while my Uncle and you were fast a Sleep, I cou'd steal out of my Chamber, fly into *Basil*'s Arms, and he shou'd have a Coach ready to hurry me to *London*, before you were awake the next Morning.

Squ. Udsookers, she's a cunning Jade, for all that. I shall have a rare Wife of her.

Capt. Well, well, Madam, I understand you; We shall take care of that Matter.

Squ.

Squ. Aye, aye, ſo we will; my dear Friend here, and I, ſhall watch your Water; — I'll warrant you. —— Oh! Here's Uncle *Micher.*

Enter Micher, *with a Bill in his Hand.*

Micher. Ha! The Cut-throat Dogs! Here's a Bill for you: That Fat Jade at the Bar will Score her ſelf to the Devil before any Sollicitor, Taylor, Phyſick, or Tipple-Poyſoner in *Europe.* (*Gives the Bill to the Squire.*)

(Squire Reads.) *For Bread and Beer* 8 s. 10 d. — Here's as much Bread and Drink as wou'd ſerve the *French* in *Spittle-Fields* for a Week. — *For a Calves Head and Bacon* 10 s. *For a Boild Pig and Colliflowers,* — That I beſpoke. 9 s. *For a Red-Herring,* — That was yours, Uncle, — 1 s. *For a Bottle of Harts-horn,* — That was your Supper, Miſtreſs, — 7 d. Hey day! What's here; — *Mull'd-Sack, Dumplings, Cheeſe, Oranges, Toaſt and Butter, Fruit, Sallad, Wine, Cards, Brandy, Tarts and Tobacco. In all, Two Pound, Thirteen Shillings, and Three Pence, Three Farthings,* — *Beſides Fire.*

The Dee'l Fire the Houſe.

Mich. Well, How ſhall we Club this Matter? There's the Old Woman that has the Kings-Evil; And to'ther that ſtops the Coach every Minuet, to go behind a Buſh, they wont pay as much as we,

Squ. E'cod but they ſhall: And for you Miſtreſs, you ſhall pay but a Crown, becauſe you Eat nothing; And that you may not think your hardly dealt by, I'll Sing you the Song that makes it Stage-Coach-Law.

A SONG.

(I.)

Let's Sing of Stage-Coaches,
And fear no Reproaches,
For Riding in one,
But daily by Jogging,
:S: *While Whiſtling and Flogging,*
While Whiſtling and Flogging,
The Coachman drives on:
With a Hay Geeup, geeup hay ho,
With a Hay gee Dobin, *hay ho;*
Hay, *geeup, geeup, geeup, hay ho,*
Geeup, geeup, geeup, hay ho,
With a hay gee Dobin, *hay ho.*

(II.)

In Coaches thus Strowling,
Who wou'd not be rowling
With Nimphs on each ſide,
Still prattling and playing,
:S: *Our Knees interlaying,*
We merrily ride.
With a Hay, &c.

(III.)

Here Chance kindly mixes,
All Sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men,
We Squeeze them, we Eaſe them,
:S: *The Jolting dos pleaſe them,*
Drive Jollily then.
With a Hay, &c.

(IV.)

The harder you're Driving,
The more 'tis reviving;
Nor fear we to fall,
For if the Coach Tumble
:S: *Wee'll have a rare Jumble,*
Wee'll have a rare Jumble,
And then up Tails all.
With a Hay Geeup, geeup hay ho,
With a hay gee Dobin, *hay ho,*
Hay, *geeup, geeup, geeup hay ho,*
Geeup, geeup, geeup, hay ho,
With a hay gee Dobin *hay ho.*

Mich. Well, Now let's go to Bed, that we may be the ſooner out of this confounded Inn next Morning.

Squ. Well, My dear Friend, Sir, The beſt Friends muſt part, tho' it be Man and Wife: —— But if you can ſtep home with me, 'tis but hard by, about Fourſcore and Ten Miles off, and ſtay there a Week, I'll make you ſo Drunk, you ſhan't find the way back again in a Month.

Capt. Sir, You muſt excuſe me; I am otherwiſe engag'd.

Squ. Good Night, Sir. (*Exit Squire.*

Iſab. Good Night, Sir. (*Exit with* Micher, *who hands her off.*

Capt. Your Servant, Madam, —— I hope you'll be in a better Humour to Morrow. —— Ha! *Fetch*, here's Fortune for you. —— Now my dear Lad run and at any Rate, get us ſome Calaſh, Chariot, Coach, any thing to hurry us to *London*. —— Flie! — In the mean time, I'll run to my Chamber and get every thing ready. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Jolt, *the Coachman.*

Jolt. Huſh! Mum's the word, there's a plaguy Candle ſtands in my ſight, —— Out, Informer, I'll ſpoil your Peeping. —— The Houſe is full, and Beds are ſcarce, therefore I can't lie in my own. So good VVife at Home, by your leave! VVe Travellers are forc'd ſometimes to lie Two in a Bed; —— 'Tis main dark: Rare Driving now in a deep Road and a rough VVay. —— Odſnigs if *Dolly* now ſhou'd be Skittiſh, and won't let me? I'll knock at her Chamber Door however; and if the Door will open, VVell ſaid Door! I'll enter: And if *Dolly* will do like the reſt of her Crew, VVell ſaid *Dolly*! —— Pox on't, here's a Light, 'tis not yet right Catterwauling time: — So I'll ſheer off till anon. (*Exit* Jolt.

Enter Captain *with his Things, and* Fetch *with a Candle.*

Capt. VVell, *Fetch*?

Fetch. I've done your Buſineſs, Sir, —— I've found in this very Inn a Calaſh, with Four good Horſes, that ſhou'd have gone Empty to *London* to Morrow Morning. I've agreed with the Coachman to go with you immediately: —— He'll be ready at a VVhiſtle.

Capt. That was lucky; And I've got my things here; they ſhall lie till *Iſabella* comes out: —— I wiſh ſhe were here.

Fetch. Sir! Sir! I think I here a Noiſe?

Capt. Put out the Candle then; And let us ſtep into that Corner, for here we muſt wait for her. (Fetch *puts out the Candle.*

Re-enter Jolt.

Jolt. Now the Coaſt is clear, —— I have had a ſtrange hankering after this fame *Doll* this great while, and for her ſake I have ſet up here at the *Angel* now:

now: If she won't be civil, d'you see, I'll carry my Guests to the *Saracen's-Head*, where I shall have the Hostler to take care of my Horses, and the Maid to take care of me. —— Now for her Door.

Fetch. Ods my life, Sir, we've forgot one thing; the Gate is lock'd up by this time: How shall we get out?

Capt. What shall we do?

Jolt. (*Aside.*) Hush: I hear something: —— Shou'd this be some Rogue now creeping in to *Dolly!* —— I'll put a Spoke in his Wheel.

Fetch. I've thought on't. The Maid's a good tractable Wench: She'll do what we'll have her.

Jolt. (*Aside.*) Will she, faith, ye Dog? Sirrah, I'll take care of that.

Fetch. I'll knock at her Door: for a piece of Money, I'll warrant you, she'll do the Job.

Jolt. (*Aside.*) Perhaps I may do your Job first, you catterwauling Son of a Whore.

Fetch. 'Tis well if I scape a good dab on the Nose here. (*Groping about.*) (Jolt *strikes him with the but end of his Whip.*) Confound that Post; 'tis deadly hard: ——Her Door is on this side, I'm sure. (Jolt *strikes him again.*) Ha! what's that? —— another Post? —— Ware Nose the third time.——Oh, sure here's the Door: I'll knock. (*Hits the Coachman in the Teeth.*) *Dolly, Dolly!* —— Plague on't, she's asleep. —— Sure I'm right. —— Where's the Key-hole? —— Oh, I've found it. (*He puts his finger in the Coachman's mouth, who bites it.*) Oh, the Devil, the the Devil; help, help, Sir! I've got my Finger here in a Rat-trap.

Capt. Where art thou? (Jolt *lets his fingers go, and lays 'em on with his Whip.*)

Jolt. Gee, gee, gee, ho, hay, gee, ho. (*As whipping his Horses.*)

Fetch. Murther, murther, help, help.

Capt. Hold, hold, you Dog, or I'll kill you. (*Draws.*)

Jolt. Gee, oh, gee, gee, hay gee hoh. (*Whips on.*

Fetch. Murther, murther, help! the Devil lays me on.

Enter Hostler *with a Light.*

Host. What's the matter! what's the matter?

Jolt. Come oh, gee, gee ho, my Hearts. (*Whips on.*

Host. What a Deuce d'you mean, Master *Jolt*?

Jolt. What's the matter? what's all this bustle for? (*Yawning.*)

Host. What, are you drunk, or dreaming?

Jolt. What would you have? where am I! —— Oh, oh, is it you, *Phil* the Hostler? Odsnigs, I thought I had been a Bed, I dream'd that my Coach stuck in *Hockley the Hole*, and I was licking my Horses till I made 'em sweat again. I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, for taking you for my Beasts.

Enter Dolly.

Dol. What's the matter here? Are not you aſham'd to diſturb People at this time of Night?

Fetch. You're come in good time, Child, to ſave that Rogue a beating; for now we've other buſineſs. —— A word with you. (*Takes her aſide.*)

Capt. Get thee gone, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Ears off, you Dog. (*To* Jolt.) And you here, with your light, go off, and leave us to our buſineſs.

(Jolt *retires to the Door.*) (*Exit* Hoſtler *with light.*

Jolt. Odzookers, now they're driving the Bargain. Icod I'll overturn the Coach to morrow in a Slough, to cool that Dog of a Captain's Courage in a Puddle. (*Exit* Dolly.

Fetch. The Town's our own, Sir; I've given *Dolly* a Guinea, ſhe conſents, and I've got the Key. (*Holds the Key in his hand.*)

Jolt. (*Aſide.*) The Key! a plague on her Lock. Now has the Minx granted at once what ſhe has deny'd me this Twelvemonth; but that Guinea is the Devil at a Keyhole: I warrant it would open a thouſand Spring Locks in *Covent-Garden.* —— I'll watch, and ſee what all this will come to.

Enter Iſabella *with a ſmall Trunk.*

Iſab. He ſhou'd be here. —— Captain. (*In a low voice.*)

Capt. My Dear. (*In a low voice.*)

Jolt. (*Aſide.*) My Dear! ah the damn'd Jade: —— She's come out to him now.

Enter Micher, *groping his way.*

Micher. (*Aſide.*) Does ſhe walk in her ſleep? Where can ſhe go at this time of Night? —— I'll watch her.

Iſab. Captain! where are you? (*In a low voice.*)

Capt. Here, here.

Micher. (*Aſide.*) Captain! Sure ſhe can't have her Captain here.

Jolt. (*Aſide.*) Odſnigs they're going to't; but I'll ſpoil their ſport.

(*The* Captain *and* Iſabella *meet.*)

Iſab. Come, I'm got out at laſt; and what's more, I've got the Writings.

(Micher *meets the* Coachman, *they lay hold on each other.*)

Mich. Ah, you young Baggage, have I caught you? Lights, lights here.

Iſab. Sir, I hear my Uncle's voice. —— Let's loſe no time.

Capt. Let's away, my Dear. —— *Fetch,* take up the things. } *Exit* Capt. and Iſabel.

(Fetch *taking up the things, drops the Key, and Exit.*)

Mich. Lights here, lights.

Enter Hoſtler *with a Candle.*

Hoſt. What's the matter here again?

Mich. Ha! what a Devil? who are you? (*Looks on* Jolt.)

Jolt. And who are you, an that be all?

Mich. Where's my Niece? Ah, you Pimp, you're in the Plot too. Where's that damn'd Rogue the Captain?

Jolt. (*Aſide.*) Your Niece! The Captain has other work in hand: But this is a rare time to quit ſcores with him. (*To* Micher.) If you want the Captain, Sir, you'll find him in that Room with his Whore.

Mich. His Whore! the Dog make my Niece his VVhore! Get a Conſtable,——help, a Conſtable.

Enter Squire Somebody *yawning.*

Squ. Here, what a Devil's the matter? Can't you let a body ſleep among ye.

Mich. Ah, *Nicodemus*, we're all undone; the Captain here has got away your Miſtreſs into that Room,——and what they are doing Heaven knows. (Squire *goes to the door, and liſtens.*

Squ. Ha! I hear ſome noiſe; I hear ſome noiſe within: VVhy don't you break the Door, Uncle?

Mich. VVhy don't you?

Squ. She's your Niece.

Mich. She's your VVife, that's to be.

Squ. I can't tell that now.

Mich. A Conſtable, let's have a Conſtable. } *Together.*
Squ. A Conſtable, a Conſtable. }

Jolt. I'll run and call up my Landlord; he's a Conſtable. (*Exit* Jolt.

{ *Here one appears at the Window or Balcony; and after he has ſpoke another appears on the oppoſite ſide, in Night-Caps.*

In a Maſculine voice. } VVhat's the matter there? A Man may as well ſleep in a Paper Mill, as in one of theſe confounded Inns.
Feminine voice.) VVhat noiſe is that below? Are the People mad?

{ *Here ſeveral People pop out at ſeveral Windows and Balconies, with Night-Caps, and cry all at once in different Keys.*

Omnes. Are ye all diſtracted here? Is the Devil in the People? VVhat's the matter below? VVhy do you make ſuch a noiſe? VVill no body tell us the meaning of this Uproar?

Squ.

Squ. Nothing, nothing, Miſtreſs; no harm, only a Gentleman who's making me a Cuckold before my time.

Enter Landlord *and* Jolt, *with a Leaver in his Hand*, Servants.

Land. Here, VVhere are theſe People?

Squ. Here, Sir, In that Room.

Land. Come out here, I Charge you in the Kings Name? VVhy then ſtay where you are, in the Devils Name. —— Break open the Door. (Jolt *Breaks open the Door.*)

Land. VVhy don't you go in?

Jolt. VVhy don't you go in? You are an Officer.

Land. Then I Command you to go in before me.

Jolt. Let the *Squire* go in; 'Tis his Buſineſs.

Squ. Let my Uncle go in; 'Tis more his than mine.

Mich. Come, we'll all go in; tho' he be a Captain, he's but one.

(*They all ſtep into the Room.*

Enter Dolly *at another Door.*

Doll. VVhat can they be Searching for in my Chamber?

Re-enter Squire Somebody, Micher, *&c.*

Squ. The Devil a thing is there; but an Old Pair of Boddice, A Broken-back Chair, A Quire of Ballads, A Flock-Bed, And a Green Chamber-Pot.

Doll. VVhy, Gentlemen, The People that you want are gone: They took the Key from me, and went out.

Squ. Gone! O ye Skies. *Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.*

Mich. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

Squ. Ay, ay, Horſes, Coaches, Spurs, VVhips, Spatterdaſhes, Gambadoes, Boots and Saſhoons, —— Away.

Land. finds the Key. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, VVhat's here? The Key of the Great Gate! —— They muſt be in the Houſe ſtill, if the Maid did not let 'em out.

Doll. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Land. Then they muſt have dropt the Key, and are in the Houſe ſtill.

Squ. Huzza! Have at 'em there; Swords, Halberts, Quarter-Staves, Muſkets, Pikes, and Pocket-Piſtols.

Mich. Find 'em out, find 'em out then.

(*Exeunt* Land. Jolt, *and Servants.*

VVhy don't you go help 'em, Nephew?

Squ. Uncle, I ſtay to keep you Company.

Enter

Enter Captain, *in a Night-Gown.*

Capt. What's the meaning of all this Noiſe?

Squ. Ah! My dear Friend, ſtand by me now. VVho ſhou'd be here, but that damn'd Rogue of a Captain that we talk'd off; and has run away with my Miſtreſs. *Runs to the* Captain, *and Embraces and Kiſſes him.*

Capt. The Devil he did! And how will you uſe him when he's found?

Squ. Uſe him! I'll Pump him, I'll Souſe him, Flea him, Carbonado him, and Eat him alive.

Capt. But hark you, Sir; Don't make ſuch a Noiſe, you'll diſturb my VVife.

Squ. VVhat, Sir! Are you Married?

Capt. Married; and Bedded, ſince I ſaw you.

Squ. To whom?

Enter Iſabella *and all the reſt, except* Macahone.

Capt. To this Lady, Sir.

Squ. Uncle.

Mich. Nephew.

Squ. Speak, you're the Older Man.

Mich. Married, it can't be! How cou'd you be Married ſo ſuddenly?

Capt. Very luckily, Sir; VVe intended, indeed, to have had it done more Decently: But my Blockhead dropt the Key, and being ſtopp'd that way, we ſaw a Light in the Miniſters Chamber, that travell'd with me; —— we went up, found him Smoaking his Pipe; he firſt gave us his Bleſſing, and then lent us his Bed.

Squ. He was a very Civil Gentleman.

Mich. Sir this won't paſs upon me. VVhat Evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

Mach. Be me Shoul he needs no Evidence, for I am one: I was call'd to be a VVitneſs: His Man did VVaken me before I was a Sleep: And if you will believe no body, you may go up and ask the Miniſter.

Capt. And in return, my Dear Country-man, I'll take care to do you Service in Relation to your pretended Merchants VVife.

Mich. Then ſince it is ſo, much good may't do you with your No-Fortune. —— Her Mother did not leave her a Groat.

Squ. I am glad on't, with all my heart.

Iſab. Sir, it will appear otherwiſe by my VVritings.

Mich. VVritings! VVhat VVritings? I've no VVritings of yours.

Capt. No more you have, Sir; for here they are. (*Shews them.*

Mich.

Mich. Confusion!
Then I know what I have lost.

Squ. And so do I too: I've lost my Labour; I've lost my Friend, I've lost my Uncle; And I've lost my Wife.

But since the Coach such Novelties has bred,
The *Squire* Unmarried, and the *Captain* Wed,
I'll be Reveng'd and go, —— I'll go to Bed.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.